BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME FOR THE INFORMATION OF IT'S FRIENDS

VOL. VI. *BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1929.* *No. Twelve.*

Montreat To Be Mecca For Orphanage Family August 15th

MONTREAT EXCURSION

ON August the 15th, at 6:30 A. M., things are going to be happening at Barium Springs. The cows will have to be milked; breakfast will have to be eaten; the dishes washed, lunches gathered together, and everybody will be on board the Montreat Special for another gorgeous day in the mountains! Of course, lots of our friends from Mooresville and Statesville and other nearby places will join us, and this will be one solid car load of Presbyterians. No doubt, everybody will get mighty thirsty a few minutes after they get on the train , and by the time we cross the Catawba river, all of the water in the coolers will have been consumed. Then is the time that the Refreshment Car commences to play a big part in the day. Candy, ice cream and soft drinks about as fast as the Refreshment Car can deliver them. And all this time the train is steadily heading toward the mountains. When we pass Hickory, we can commence to see them, and when we pass Morganton, we are already in them, and by the time we get to Old Fort we are ready for the climb straight up.

About this time, we eat one of our dinners, and enjoy the scenery along with it. By the time we go through the last tunnel, the last sandwich is gone, and we are all ready to wash up for Black Mountain.

When we get off at Black Mountain, the larger boys and girls can start walking, and the cars that will be waiting on us will load up with the smallest lot and so on, until the whole crowd is taken care of. We have never had to walk more than a quarter of a mile. When we get to Montreat, it usually takes from three to four minutes for some thirty or forty boys to get in the Lake, and from the time we land, the Mountains and the Lake and the boats are kept busy. Somehow we always manage to handle quite a number of watermelons and ice cream and other things that the good people of Montreat always so thoughtfully provide, and before we know it, three o'clock will come, and that means to commence getting back over to Black Mountain.

We are all again loaded up in the train by four o'clock and it starts rolling down the mountain. We enjoy the scenery going back almost as much as we do going up. We can sit a little bit stiller on the return trip than we can going up. By the time we get to Hickory, we usually eat our third dinner, and then most of us curl up and take a short nap, before getting to Barium Springs at seven-thirty.

The transportation form Black Mountain to Montreat will be in charge of Dr. W. S. Wilson, Pastor at Montreat who visited us and preached for us this last spring. It will be like seeing home-folks when we land at Black Mountain.

We usually have one casualty on each trip. One year Melvin Ayers fell off the topp of the mountain and skinned his head. Another time one of the girls lost count of the number of dinners she ate, and her stomach rebelled. Another time, it was one of the boys that had to call out the Fire Department for trouble on the inside; but there has not been a time yet that we didn't land home happy and ready to call it the "End of a Perfect Day." We are looking forward to this trip as being the very best of all we have ever had. We didn't go last year and we are going to crowd two years enjoyment into this one trip. Look out, Montreat,! Hold everything! We're coming!

Howard

Well, how is everybody getting along these days? We are just fine.

We went for a ride not long ago and we certainly did enjoy it. Lots of our girls have been on their vacation and have already come back.

Two of our girls have gone to Rumple Hall and we miss them very much, but some girls from Annie Louise have come to take their places.

We are now having ice cream on Wednesday's and we enjoy it very much. We also enjoy the fruit we are having. We have been saving up peach seeds to sell so we can buy some candy with the money.

Mrs.R. L. Johnson's neice has come to visit her and we enjoy playing games with her.

Mr. Cary Laws of Florida made us a visit. He is a man that used to stay at this home when Mr. Boyd was here.

Miss Woods is going on her vacation Saturday and Miss Ruth Lowrance is going to be our matron. We are looking forward to going to Montreat.

Gifts

Mt. Ulla, Bethesda Auxiliary, three quilts.

Greensboro, Mrs. L. Richardson, subscription to Ladies Home Journal.

Gastonia, First Presbyterian church —V. B. School, dresses, bibs, and toys.

Sanford, A. M. Gunn, clothing.

Wilmington, Miss Kate O'Hanlon, one dress.

Hickory, Primary Dept., V. B. School, scrap books.

Winston-Salem, First Presbyterian Church, scrap books, bibs, wash cloths and napkins.

Bunlevel, S. S., and Ladies of Flat Branch Church, three quilts.

Winston-Salem, North Winston Church, V. B. School, napkins.

——P. O. H.——

Is any feeling finer than that which comes from doing a hard job particularly well?

Lottie Walker

1st FLOOR

Numbers absent on vacation.

Excursion planned for August 15th. School!!

Many of our girls are spending vacations in various parts of the state. Others are recuperating from attacks of homesickness. Just a few more are planning what good times they'll be having "this time next week."

It's been kinda lonely for some of us having so many of our friends away.

We have been enjoying some truck rides quite recently.

Peaches? I should say so, and don't they disappear?

Watermelons will be ripe soon. Won't we have fun? We are looking for some any day now.

The annual Montreat excursion for the Bariumites has been planned for the 15th of August. All are looking forward to this trip, usually enjoyed by all. Much pleasure is anticipated.

School is just around the corner. I'm afraid it will be hard for us to get used to the idea, but it won't take long for us to adjust ourselves. One of our new teachers payed us a call—Miss Doggett.

Further developments will be related in the next issue of the local paper.

——P. O. H.——

"He who meets sorrow without bitterness and is not coarsened by prosperity, who is defeated but fights on, or is triumphant but remains humble, who carries the hopefulness of youth into the deepening shadows of age and when the sun is setting is confident of the morn—this is the man who has lived well."

A Night of Magic

The children of the orphanage enjoyed an evening of magic and legerdemain by "Wallace, the Magician", July 8, through the kindness of the board of deacons of the First Presbyterian Church, of Durham. Wallace, himself a Durham man, contributed the entertainment, the church board providing the transportation.

After opening with a pretty illusion, wherein large bowls of water were produced from nowhere, the magician performed a series of bewildering tricks, such as the vanishing lamp, materializing beautiful pigeons from the ether and extracting a rabbit, six alarm clocks, etc., from a borrowed hat, amid shouts of laughter, and all with sleeves rolled up, to show that the objects were not concealed upon him.

His entertainment was versatile as shown by a series of beautiful rag pictures, and some humorous cartoons drawn in colored crayon. The closing feature was a most unusual trick wherein a duck and rabbit rapidly disappeared in space, making a most mystifying illusion. Throughout the entertainment, always just as one was led to believe he had "caught on", Wallace turned the trick on the other fellow, showing remarkable skill and native wit, and proving always that the eye is easily deceived by the dexterity of the hand.

——P. O. H.——

Lottie Walker

2nd FLOOR

Well, here we are again with only one month till school. Some are glad, some are sad. We have two new teachers for the School this year. We're sure we'll like them.

Everybody is happy about Montreat. It's only three weeks from Thursday.

We've sure been having cold weather for July. Raining to beat the band. But the sun is shining now and everybody is happy.

For a time we had only ten girls on our floor, but many have come back from their vacations and with several girls from Rumple Hall we have about made up our number.

Our matron, Mrs. Hill, is still absent but is expected to return soon. Mrs. Spratt left for her home in Hickory and now Miss Patterson is our matron and a fine one. Everyone likes her.

We have no more news to give so with our best wishes we will close.

Farm - Campus

Gee: "But that dinner was good", were the passing words of us boys as we passed out of the Dinner Hall of the County Home. We were thrashing their wheat and we had the good fortune of eating in a changed place.

We finished our wheat before going over there, and had a very big income of about 2300 bushels of grain.

We at last have the pleasure of hanging up our hoes till another crop springs up. Our corn is all layed by.

We have just drilled about 75 acres of peas for hay.

The alfalfa has been improving since we cultivated it.

The water mellons also are very pleasing to the eye in their 3 acre patch. "Won't be long now to romp on them."

The new dairy barn is keeping us busy cutting logs to complete it.

The hog pen also looks new since we made it a size larger.

Our boys have decreased awful in this month, only nine here. The rest I suppose in "Heaven" on vacation.

About 5 of our boys have gone never to return to our group. They stayed at home.

The tractors have had different engineers since Potter and Donaldson left.

The peaches and apples are very helping in the fill up.

Fred has left Mack to carry water with George Savage while he is advancing to a cooler job tending sheep.

Joe Keenan and John Lee have left us and went on the house. Charlie, Clifton and Forrest Lee, have taken their places.

Jim Lucky and Ebert Young look very desperate in their overalls.

Abner White has shaved his mustache since the war between Russia and China has been going on so if he is called to be examined for duty he can change clothes and at the same time his age from 45 to 16.

Mr Stimpson and Ralph have gone on a trip to McDonald farm.

The rain came in due season and the roads are being improved.

The swimming pool is visited much after work in the after noons.

We sure had a fine time to have a change the other day—Thursday for a holiday.

We have about 150 head of pigs and hogs now.

We have about filled up our space and will have our close on this line.

Barium High School To Open 1929-30 Term August 20th

Two Changes Announced in Faculty List—Prospects For Best Year Ahead

With the most of the children of the orphanage family having already spent their vacation and back on the campus, there is only one outstanding event remaining ere school gets under way---that Montreat outing --and then Johnnie, and Alice will begin to dust off their books and settle down for a different sort of thing than what has been taking place for the past two months.

Since commencement in June, the McNair High School Building has been undergoing some changes. The building has be renovated, walls replastered, and a number of changes have been made to facilitate the work carried on there. With the advent of the new school building the old auditorium has been arranged to care for the commercial department, thereby making possible more available room in the administration building.

According to Mr. O'Kelley, the usual number will be enrolled for the coming year as heretofore.

This year Barium Springs school will open on Tuesday, August 20th, with Mr T. L. O'Kelly superintendent.

With this issue of the Messenger the list of teachers for the high school and grades is announced. With the exception of two high school faculty members, the school will retain all of last year's teachers. They are as follows:

High School

Mr. T. L. O'Kelley, Danielsville, Ga., Mathematics.

Mr. R. G. Calhoun, Laurinburg, N. C., history and spelling.

Mr. R. L. Johnson, Jackson, Tenn., commercial class.

Miss Eugenia Patterson, Mooresville, N. C., domestic science.

Mr. Ralph McMillan, Mt. Airy, N. C., phvsical education.

Miss Myrtle Baldwin, Laurens, S. C., Latin and French.

Miss Elizabeth C. Doggett, Kingsport, Tenn., *English and Bible.*

Miss Reba Thompson, Danielsville, Ga., Eighth Grade.

Miss Laura Gray Green, Roaring River, N. C., music.

Grades

Mrs. John Q. Holton, Winston-Salem, N. C., Grade Principal, Seventh grade.

Mrs Lila S. Pennell, Belton, S. C., sixth grade.

Miss Fannie Foust, Graham, N. C., fourth grade.

Miss Irene McDade, Lenoir, N. C., fifth grade.

Mrs. R. L. Johnson, Jackson, Tenn., third grade.

Miss Kate McGoogan, Shannon, N. C., second grade.

Mrs. Minnie Massey, Barwick, Ga., Spec. Primary.

Mrs Emma Hostetler, Barium Springs, N. C., Spec. Inter.

Miss Rachel Hanna, Red Springs, N. C., kindergarten.

——P. O. H.——

The Cart Is Way Ahead Of The Horse! Look!

The Cart Of Our Expenses, Controlled By The Rising and Setting of The Sun, Is Creaking Along On The First Day Of August. The Horse of Support, Controlled By You, Has Just Rounded May the Eleventh. How Is That?

AN average of $1.50 per Church Member Per Year is what is needed to run our Orphanage. Today one third of Church year has passed.

Fifty cents or one third of the $1.50 should have been received. How much has been received? Seventeen and Four Tenths Cents. How Much are we Behind? Thirty Two and Six Tenths Cents. How Much is this in Real Money? $12,862.00 Received. $24,100.00 Hoped for, but not yet seen.

If you want to bring this closer home a study of the following table will show you how your Presbytery stands:

Table of Receipts for July:

Presbytery	Membership	July Receipts	Amt. Per Member	Amt. Behind Per Member
Albemarle	3,881	$ 85.30	2¼c.	22 c.
Winston-Salem	3,372	$ 289.20	8½c.	25½c.
Mecklenburg	16,222	$2,373.12	14½c.	25¾c.
Orange	10,516	$ 411.71	4 c.	33 c.
Concord	10,830	$ 733.52	7 c.	33¼c.
Granville	5,228	$ 245.55	4¾c.	34¼c.
Kings Mountain	4,884	$ 230.72	5 c.	36 c.
Wilmington	7,583	$ 500.05	6½c.	38 c.
Fayetteville	11,402	$ 556.40	5 c.	40 c.
TOTL, - - -	73,918	$5,425.57	7.3c	32.6c bh'nd

The 1929 Assembly Minutes are out now and they show that our Church is actually beginning to grow. Nothing to get excited about maybe—still the gain in the entire Synod is 1647 communicants. This gain is pretty evenly distributed over the seven Presbyteries, only two showing a loss.

Laundry

My! how time does fly. It seems only yesterday that we last wrote news for the Messenger.

We are enjoying the good fruit which is daily brought to us from the orchards by the boys.

Many changes have been made in our building lately. Eight girls have recently come to us from Rumple Hall. We enjoy having them with us.

Our laundry matron, Miss Ford, is now on her vacation. We all know she is having a fine time but we wish she would hurry and come back.

The older girls have been substituting in her place.

Thelma Godwin, our opera star, is moving with her lovely voice. She sings from starting time until kicking off time.

Two of our laundry girls, Ruth Freeman and Mildred Warner, left for Charlotte yesterday (July 25th) Ruth is spending the week end and Mildred has gone on her vacation.

We are all looking forward to August 15th. Why? That is the day set for our excursion trip to Montreat. Everybody is saving their pennies dimes and nickels for that time.

We will soon be having watermelons and then oh boy!!

We will now sign off until next time. —Laundarians

——P. O. H.——

Secretly all of us think that our personal wages and profits are a little below normal, while prices are way above normal.

BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PRESBYTERIAN ORPHAN'S HOME

JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON, *Editor*

Entered as second-class matter November 15, 1923, at the postoffice at Barium Springs, N. C., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized, November 15, 1923.

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Mrs. Harriet Herman	Baby Cottage	Mrs. Mamie Purdy	Infirmary
Mrs. B. M. Spratt	Supply	Miss Mary M. Turner	Synods
Miss Verna Woods	Howard	Miss Jennie G. Buck	Rumple Hall
Mrs. Juliette Ghigo	Annie Louise	Miss Kate Taylor	Assist. Matron
Miss Una Moore	Infirmary	Mrs. Mary T. Moore	Matron

HIGH SCHOOL—T. L. O'KELLEY, Superintendent

MR. RALPH McMILLAN	MISS E. PATTERSON, D. Science
MR. R. G. CALHOUN	MISS MYRTLE BALDWIN
MR. R. L. JOHNSON	MISS REBA THOMPSON

GRADES—MRS. JOHN Q. HOLTON, Principal

Mrs. Lila S. Pennell	Sixth	Mrs. Minnie Massey	Spec. Primary
Miss Irene McDade	Fifth	Mrs. Emma Hostetler	Spe. Intermed.
Miss Fannie Foust	Fourth	Miss Laura Gray Green	Music
Mrs. R. L. Johnson	Third	Miss Rachel Hanna	Kindergarten
Miss Kate McGoogan	Second		

Temptation

(A Recent Talk To The Staff Of Workers)

(From The Connie Maxwell Monthly)

One or two recent experiences suggest to me the topic of temptation. You may say that I have a good degree of temerity to stand up before a set of experienced people to exort *them upon such a subject.* But alas we never in any calling, or at any period in life reach the point where we are beyond the reach of temptation. I an begging you that you "yield not to temptation". There are some peculiar temptations in a work of this kind. They are somewhat different from those that meet persons in other callings. I call your attention first to the temptation to notice too many little acts. We live in group life and therefore have pretty close fellowship. If the adult person takes note of too many little things, he will be tempted to provide too many little punishments to meet them. It would be a great mistake to form the habit of noticing every little thing that is done and seeking to find a form of punishment that would fit. I visited a school room sometime ago (It was not our own school) and the teacher had a child standing in each corner and a few standing in spots where there was no corner. Two little fellows were made to stand on one foot. My first thought was that this lady had yielded to the temptation to notice too many little deeds. It may be that she had not made the mistake, for I did not inquire and do not know the particulars, but that was my impression. Any lady managing a group of children may easily fall under the temptation to see too much. A gentleman in middle life, who lived at our institution many years ago remarked recently that when he lived at the Orphanage he thought the grown people saw too much. It is true, one may shut his eyes and see nothing and allow everything to go to smash, but you will understand I am not pleading for such nonsense as this.

There is the temptation to overlook the child's viewpoint. One may easily fall in this regard, and when he falls he does an injustice to the child. It is easy for a person as he gets older to forget that he was ever a child. It is difficult for us to place ourselves back in sympathy with the period of childhood, even when we make effort to do so. It is bad for us indeed if we cease to make the effort. A child does not see things as a parent does, and many a time the temptation is to read into the child's acts something that was never there. Many a little mishap occurs because a child is thoughtless, and is easy to believe he must have been a little bit vicious. The temptation is to forget that the child is not logical and that he does not always give serious thought to the great law of cause and effect. In this respect I beg you "yield not to temptation."

There is a temptation to be sensitive, and to take every little misdemeanor as a reflection against ourselves, or as an intentional purpose to break the rules, or it may be that we think the child deliberately means to be rude or even insulting to ourselves. In working with children it will not do to have our feelings struck ali around us on the outside so that they may be easily hurt. No person can be really happy in working with a group of children unless he has that sense of humor which enables him to get a little fun out of the situation. Recently some visitors spoke particularly of one of our ladies, who, they thought, had a keen sense of humor. They expressed the opinion that she got along well with the children, and that she was not sensitive. It will never do for one to yield to the temptation to have his feelings hurt. It is a good plan to resolve that one's feelings shall not be hurt.

Then there is the temptation to have favorites. You have heard me discuss this subject before, and the exhortation is therefore not new to you. However, if not new I bring it to your attention again, and beg you to resolve to try to resist temptation. There is hardly anything easier than to have favorites, for without a doubt there are some children who appeal especially to us, and there are others who are not magnetic and not congenial. But if one is dealing with a group, he must not select a favorite and allow him any inside privilege, such as that of coming to report on what the other children have been doing. The strongest reason against having a favorite is that it will be a misfortune for the favorite himself. He will develop a state of mind that leads him to expect to be treated as a favorite wherever he goes. He will be out in the midst of people a short time only before he comes square up against the proposition that this great big world does not regard him as a special favorite. It is therefore unjust and really unkind to select a favorite. In the second place, it might be said that a considerable injustice is wrought against the other children when a favorite is selected to take precedence above them. It will inspire ugly thoughts in their hearts, and the resentment created by such a situation will be most unfortunate for them. Here is a curious fact that may be noted with regard to our having favorites. The person who has a favorite does not admit it. He does not admit it even to himself. Others may see quickly that he has a favorite or favorites, but he himself does not think so, and will usually argue that he is not guilty. Under this form of temptation therefore it is necessary that we scrutinize our own hearts very very closely. We must be very rigid in self-examination, if we are really to discover whether or not we have favorites.

There is a great temptation to preach to children. To be sure we must give good advice and must occupy ourselves constantly in the effort to instill proper principles of conduct, but this is a different thing from preaching platitudes. Just a short time ago I heard a gentleman talking to a little boy, but it was something like this, "Now Johnnie, be a good little boy, study hard, mind your teacher, and you will come to be a great man." Johnnie had heard the like of this a great many times before, and such platitudes did not make an impression upon him. It is easy to yield to the temptation just to talk platitudes. But we must constantly ask the good Lord for wisdom to speak in such a way that we may suit our appeals to the mind of the child, and that we may present the truth in such a way it may be suitable to him. Platitudes always strike the outside, and never get within. It takes heart power and great wisdom to interpret a real principle so that a child will understand and lay it to heart. How important is the truth in that Proverb, "A word in season, how good is it?" There was a girl in our village who did not especially appeal to anyone. Neither cottage mother nor teacher thought there was much in her as to ability or goodness. She did not have magnetism and was not attractive. She perhaps did not receive as many words of encouragement as should have been offered her. Several years passed—she was a member of the rank and file, but no one called her name when anything special was on hand. Finally she reached a grade where she met a teacher who was drawn to her. The teacher saw something in that child that awoke her interest. She began to give her encouragement, and the child responded. Without in any sense making her a favorite, she has given the child such help and encouragement as has stimulated her greatly. She came in a short time to the honor roll in the school, which was something new in her life. Not a friend had ever expected that she would ever reach so high a position.

Yield not to the temptation to complain. How easy it is to give way and find fault. One has only to let go his grip on himself and he will soon join this great class. The temptation should be stubbornly resisted. One may easily fall into the habit of complaining about everything that goes wrong, and will thus complain when nothing in the world can be done about it. Discussing a problem is different from complaining about something that has past and cannot be helped. It is easy for the voice of complaint to degenerate into a whine. The complainer too is usually unconscious of the fact that he should bear such a name. The complainer invariably forgets his blessings, and fails to remember that many things are going right. He is thinking only of the things that are going wrong, and usually they are things that have already gone wrong. For in a place such as this institution, where only good people are supposed to be employed, it is true that sometimes things go wrong even when everybody is trying to make them go right. Yield not, I beseech you, to the temptation to complain.

A small boy was told that he must write a nice note of sympathy to his grandmother upon the death of his grandfather. The following—much blotted and sprawled—arrived:

"Dear Gradma: What a pity about Gradpy! Please send me some more stamps. My bicycle is broken. There's a new boy at school who's got six toes With love. Roger."—Boston Transcript.

The Pi Counter

"From the Hand that Keeps the World Informed"

Well, if we were not vacationing now we'd say it hot.

But long about the 23rd of this month we are going to get to start to back toschool, and it won't be noticed so much then.

This was crowded out of the Messenger last issue. One replica of the first model railroad choo-choo ever built in this country in 1830 to be exact, stopped at Barium for our personal inspection. To say that it was a novelty, we might add that it was running under its own power.

Another birthday crowd for July, 21 in number, had their fill of fried chicken and accessories on the 17th.

Right now the whole Barium family is enjoying the vacation the boss usually takes. And we hope he enjoys it as well

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Paramount with this good ole summertime we might say here "Let me live in my house at night and listen to the kitty-dids."

——P. O. H. ——

Annie Louise

Many of our girls have been on their vacations, and a few have already come back.

They all seem to have had a good time.

Now, we are looking forward to the Montreat trip.

Pauline Cable, one of our old girls, came to visit us last week. We enjoyed having her and hope she will come again.

We were sorry to lose some of our girls, who went to Howard Cottage, but we are glad to welcome new ones, from the Baby Cottage.

Francis Ghigo, son of Mrs Ghigo matron at Annie Louise Cottage, has accepted a position as Instructor of French and Spanish at the Riverside Military Academy at Gainsville Georgia.

We enjoyed having Mr. Wallace the magician with us Monday night.

We want to thank Mr. Lowrance for letting us have the truck to go to ride.

We have been having so much fruit and the best peaches! Aurevoir.

LUGENE WHITE & JOY STONE

——P. O. H. ——

GOD'S WORLD

(From The Christian Herald)

I'm glad I am living this morning,
Because the day is so fair,
And I feel God's presence so keenly
About me, everywhere.

The heavens declare His glory,
The trees seem to speak of His power,
And I see His matchless beauty
In each small growing flower.

The rocks all tell of His wonder,
In the hills His strength I see;
And the birds are singing His praises
In the songs that they sing to me.

I read in the daylight His greatness
And the night speaks again of His power;
The raindrops talk of His kindness
In each refreshing shower.

Oh, I'm glad to be living this morning,
In a world of beauty so rare
Where the God of Heaven is hovering
About me everywhere.

—Miss Mildred Keeling
Danville, Va.

——P. O. H.——

Lees

Well old Tops, we are bringing you a little bit of our news. Lots of our boys are coming back from their vacations. We are glad to have Mrs Moore back with us. She brought a poke full of little candy pills back with her and gave them to us. We certainly did enjoy them, although there was not enough for everybody to get as much as they wanted.

While Sidney Parrish was at home he wrote a letter to Gladys Cartrette, his girl, and signed her sisters name to it. Miss Buck, her matron, found it out and made her write back to him. We bet Sidney was glad to receive it.

Every body is enjoying the swimming hole, even the babies go in swimming some time. All the boys go in swimming between 5 o'clock and six thirty.

We certainly thank Mr. Privette for the ice cream every Wednesday. Every time Mr Privett is thru making ice cream the Printing office boys run to the kitchen for some.

It won't be long before we go to Montreat. Every body is expecting to go in swimming and climb the mountains and have a good time.

HOOK & CHICKEN

Some Interesting Facts Revealed In An Old Obituary

The following obituary notice copied from the February isue, 1847, of The Christian Magazine of the South, of which Dr. Jas. Boyce, then pastor of New Hope, Fairfield County, was editor will be of some interest to those who are endeavoring to find the truth concerning the birth place of President Andrew Jackson. The obituary was written by Rev. Laughlin McDonald, at that time pastor of Union Church, in Chester County, and Tirzah, in York County. It is as follows:

"Departed this life on the 30th of July, 1864, in the Waxhaws settlement, Lanchester District, S. C., Mrs. Agnes Barton, in the 89th year of her age."

The subject of this notice was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland about 1757. Hr father emigrated to America when she was in her twelfth year, and settled in the vicinity ofthe Waxhaws, a few years after which she was married to Mr Barton.

During the former period of the Revolution she, with her husband by trade, went to Charleston and settled in the suburbs of the city. It was during her settlement in that city that Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the Hero of New Orleans, went on her errand of mercy to relieve the sufferings of the prisoners then incarcerated in that city. In consequence of the fatigue and hardships endured in making the journey from Lanchester to that place as is supposed, she was taken sick shortly after her arrival in the city. And although a stranger in a strange land, yet, in Mrs Barton's' heart, she found a welcome, and in her house, a home. Night after night she did sit by the sick bed of the stranger, ministering to her wants, and soothing her sorrows with all the solitude of an Irish heart. And when she (Mrs Jackson) died, she closed her eyes; and, although in humble circumstances in the world, yet, she furnished from her own wardrobe the clothes in which the mother of the immortal Jackson was committed to the dust. Her husband, being a carpenter, furnished the coffin, and they two, with assistance, perhaps, of a few others, performed the mournful rite of sepulture to the mother of a then future President of this great Nation. And although there be no rude stone to point the stranger to the hillock where her ashes rest, she has left to posterity the example of her deeds of valor and of mercy. These are her monuments —and their continued remembrance shall be the everlasting memorial of her greatness.

After the close of the war Mrs. Barton returned to the Waxhaws. Here her husband died and here she spent some 40 years of widowhood, beloved of all who knew her. Her family all married and left her and for the last 15 years she lived with her son-in-law, Thos. Faulkner, second cousin to Gen. Jackson.

She was regarded by those who knew her best as eminently pious—a member of the Associate Reformed Church. Being too infirm to attend church for some years previous to her death, she had her pastor to visit and preach to her on her birthday. Charlotte Obsever

——P. O. H. ——

Synod

Here we are waiting for our vacation, but we have to be patient. About six of our boys are on their vacation, and three have all come back.

Eight of our largest boys went to Lees Cottage Tuesday and we were sorry to see them go, but five little boys came from the Baby Cottage to Synods.

We are glad that we are going to Montreat too, we missed going to Montreat last year a lot.

Miss Andrews and Miss Taylor have left us on their vacations too. And we wish they would hurry and come back.

We are having plenty of vegetables and fruit and we would like to thank the truck farm boys, and the farm for getting them for us.

Ted and Fred Boyds uncle came on the fourth of July and gave us some ice-cream.

By Billy Martin

"Poppo," inquired little Ikey, "vat is Onkle Cohen pulling those fedders from de chicken for, huh?"

"Vel, Ikey, my poy," explained Moe "I suppose he is getting down from de chicken for a pillow."

"But vy did he get up there, fadder?"

"Get up where?"

"Vel, you said he was getting down didn't you?"

"No, no, I said he was getting down of the chicken, not—Ikey, if you don't quit esking foolish questions, you're going to bed."—Charity and Children.

THIRD INSTALLMENT
"BLOODY MOON"
A Big Serial Of Blood Curdling Events Sponsored By The Messenger

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Jerry Simpson, owner of small sporting goods store in Birmingham, prominent in Boy Scout work, makes speech in Calabash Club demanding expulsion of Buck Gray, a notorious blind tiger operator.

The next day Simpson is beaten up in his store by three thugs, is rescued by his clerk Julia Jimmerson. Jerry is sent to Atlanta for treatment, Julia going along.

In a few days he returns with no mark of recent fight on his face, he commences a more vigorous campaign against Gray, helped by his friends, Jim Sassafrass and a boy, Peckerwood Bones.

When the Grand Jury meets, Jerry is sent for, and then his friends find out the message is a fake, its purpose to get Simpson alone in the warehouse used by the Jury.

Sassafrass and Peckerwood hurry across lots, get to the rendezvous ahead of Jerry and have a battle royal with four thugs and have the situation in hand by the time Jerry arrives.

They find that the plan was to kill Jerry and dump his body into a car of sulphuric acid bound for Denver, Colorado.

They plan a different schedule for the day which includes all Gray's crowd even to the Peanut eating policeman.

The line-up is as follows.

J. Simpson	**Buck Gray**
J. Jimmerson	**Slope Ellison**
Jim Sassafras VS	**Puddler Bill**
Peckerwood Bones	**Pug Mullins**
Dr. Davidson	**Tangle Doyle**
	Buizer Mike
	Policeman, fattened on peanuts.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

The face of the policeman was a study, his mouth fell open, his face took on the color of dirty putty, his lips turned blue and his expression of terror was really pitiful. He couldn't seem to get it into his head what the trouble was, but he wanted to do what Jerry told him, and seemed only fearful of making a mistake in his instructions.

"Now Jim you see to it that the driver gets us to the right place. Back this wagon up to this box car on the team track just two blocks down and when in right position let me know. Peckerwood and I will look after the comfort of the passengers and you look after the driver.All set, lets go."

Jim gave his orders to the driver who returned a cheerful Aye Aye Sir, he evidently not having recieved his instructions further than to be at the warehouse at a certain time. In less than ten minutes the van was backed up to a box car, Jerry broke the seal and swung the door open. The car was loaded with a mix lot of cast iron pipe and long concrete bars. They quickly lifted the entire load including the policeman after divesting him of his weapons, but leaving his hands untied. The car door was then swung shut and fastened.

"Now just a minute" said Jerry running into the agents office where he called out a young man and talked with him very earnestly and rapidly. At the conclusion of this the young man slapped his leg and said, "Leave it to me," the train makes up in thirty minutes and I know every member of the train crew. Through to Chattanooga oh mommer." Still chuckling he took the sealing iron and started out to reseal the car as the van with Jerry again in it, drove off.

"Here is where the ticklish part begins", began Jim after telling the driver to drive to the rear of Gray's place, "Who is going to be the Messenger to tell Buck to come out and view the remains? It can't be you, it can"t be me because he knows me too, and it won't do to trust the driver, now will it?"

"I guess you're right" said Simpson. "So there is nothing to it but send Peckerwood" "I believe he can deliver the goods anyway, how about it Bud?" "Tell me more about it and then I'll tell you, if its any more freight hauling I'm your huckleberry."

"It's just this, Buck Gray thinks I'm in this van dead or knocked out, but for fear he might be doublecrossed he wants to see me with his own eyes." Our plan is to let him climb up in the wagon then poke this in his face and drive off with him to the club house basement." We'll put these handcuffs we borrowed from the fat cop on him and park him in the basement until tonight when there will be the last act of this business. We want you to slip in to Buck and tell him that a moving van is out here and the driver says he wants to see him."

Peckerwood nodded his head and as soon as the van stopped and backed up to the low platform in the rear he bounded out and darted into the store. The first room was nearly deserted, seeing no one that he thought was Gray he asked the bartender where he might find him. "Just inside that door' said this man indicating the pool room. The boy went in and found two men seated talking. The men were talking in low tones but very earnestly. Bones addressed the one nearest him "A man out here driving a furniture van says he wants to see you" "He acts like he was in a hurry too". A startled look passed between the two men.

"Why doesn't he come in here to see me instead?" asked Gray. "Search me" rejoined the boy. His horses might be scary, or he might be the one that owes you, or he might have to watch his load, or he might be in a hurry, or he might be like me don't give a dad blame. If you don't mind taking an old mans advice why don't you go out and ask him yourself, you see this is my busy day with pay jobs." And with that Peckerwood made as if to go.

The second man laughed and stood up, a rather mishappen individual "He wins, Buck, don't ever try to out talk a redhead" it seems kind of queer his sending a message, but it may be alright. Take a chance for once.

Gray turned angrily on him "Stow that chatter about taking a chance, if I choose to pay another way for the chance taking. Suppose you take a look around and see."

"Not without you Big Boy," he walked close up to Gray and his eyes fairly glittered with hate, You accused me one time of doublecrossing you, I said then that the next time, you would share in the glory and other things if you haven't gotten entirely yellow.

Now we'll go together and we'll go right now before you make the mistake of making some other crack about me."

Outside in the van both Jerry and Jim were fast getting desperate, the delay could mean but one thing, that Grey had found out the miscarriage of his plan and was on his guard or planning some further plot to get Jerry. They were just on the point of bolting when both Gray and Ellison came to the back of the van. Jerry had planned to be lying down as if unconscious to enable Jim to get Gray off his guard but the two men coming together meant a quick change of his plan.

"Keep your eye on the driver," whispered Jerry, "and I will try to hold both of them."

As luck would have it, both men came to the back of the wagon abreast and before they knew what had happened they were facing not a dead Jerry but a very much alive and menacing Jerry with a gun in each hand.

"Get inside and make it snappy," he growled in a low tone. Ellison scrambled in with alacrity, one could almost say with pleasure. Gray hung back for an instant and started to look over his shoulder, but in that same instant felt the pressure of the gun against his stomach and Jerry's warning, "If I should pull the trigger it wouldn't make much noise, and we could jerk you in without any trouble, I might be wanting an excuse to do just that, so don't tempt me. It seems a pity any way to let that acid tank car go away empty."

One look in Jerry's eyes and Gray climbed even faster than Ellison. The minute he was in, the gate came up and shut as by magic, even Jim and Jerry being surprised until Peckerwood's beeming freckles appeared over the top of the gate.

"All right one more stop and we are through," said Jim to the driver, "give us a quick trip to the rear entrance to the Calabash Club and while the driver worked his team to a fast trot, he slipped the handcuffs on Buck Gray and removed from both men their guns. Gray seemed dazed but Ellison evinced a lively interest in everything and tried to engage the two friends in conversation.

"Is this a lynching, luncheon, or what?" he asked Jerry. "I'm not much surprised after your pulling such a miracle come back nor can I blame you either, but I always did have a great curiosity."

"Well I had thought of inviting our friend here to a last party in a club that has recently kicked him out," replied Jerry. "I didn't intend but one guest but since you would come, I suppose I will have to include you. I will try to explain to you later just what is required of you guests.

The noise of the van crossing the car tracks and bouncing along under the increased speed of the horses stopped any further conversation. Before long they swung into the alley leading to the rear of the club building and the driver very cleverly swung the team around and backed up to the basement door. This door was open and without any todo the two prisoners were taken through and locked in two separate storage rooms. Before locking Ellison's door Jerry talked to him in low tones for a few minutes. Ellison uttered once or twice an exclamation of amusement, and seemed highly pleased after being locked in. Buck was left with his hands fastened in front of him and seemed anything but pleased. He had said no word since his capture but his eyes were taking in everything and if looks could have killed both Jerry and Jim would have quickly died when Jim yelled to the driver, "That's all old man, you know where to call for your pay".

We will move forward a few hours to the monthly supper of the Calabash club, just a month later than the one with which this account opens, the supper has been served and cigars are being lighted and everybody is moving back their chairs to face the speakers stand for the program of the evening to start. Rarely did the membership know just what the program would be, this element of surprise making all the more delightful the various entertainments. Tonight the stage at the end of the hall had been roped off and a pair of very young and very small boxers gave a fast exhibition. The clean limbed little fellows not more than eight years old were splendidly matched and their exhibition though short was thoroughly enjoyed.

At the conclusion of this bout the member in charge of the program stood up and made the following announcement: "Gentlemen, the program as planned for tonight would have given you an hours entertainment on a par with our curtain raiser. Circumstances beyond our control necessitated our lopping of the star performance, I would be compelled to apologize to the club were it not for a peculiar set of circumstnaces. A fellow member at a late hour offered to complete my program if the club were willing. He can state his proposition much clearer than I so I yield the floor to our much abused friend Jerry Simpson." There was a gust of applause, from the crowded room but it was cut short by the leaning forward and hitching up of chairs for a view of the unusual proceedings. Not all present were admirers of Simpson, his whirl-wind tactics of the previous meeting had met with a reaction and for a time sentiment swung rather against him but there was no lack of interest in the proceedings tonight for whether friend or foe everyone felt that something very interesting was going to take place.

Jerry mounted the platform and commenced to speak, first in rather a low tone, almost apologetic, but as he warmed to his subject his manner became more forceful. The members many of them getting their first close up view of him since the turbulent aftermath of the former meeting, watched him with more than usual intentness. They noted a subtle change in his manner, even his manner of walking was different. Where before he had swung his legs and seemed to let them pull him along, now his body seemed to move forwards on springs, his feet pushed him along with force. Where before there was tolerant good humor, now there was force, an intentness, that gave him an air not so much of defiance, but of disregard of obstacles. The club noted these things subconsciously while they listened to his words.

"Gentlemen, one month ago a rather impassioned tirade was made by me against a fellowmember, I made a demand for his expulsion, the club possibly too hastily recommended his dismissal. T he directors ratified this action and this member was deprived of his membership. During the thirty days following this many things have happened, some things that might bring us to believe that possibly even the directors acted hastily."

"Very few of you do not know what happened within twenty-four hours of our last meeting. Three hired thugs directed by this expelled member and under protection of an officer of the law, assaulted me in my place of business and but for the intervention of a girl would no doubt have removed me from membership in this or any other club. While this was well known in many quarters nothing was done, and when I recovered and reopened my place of business two other attempts were made to repeat the assault. "Pardon me, friends, I am not trying to establish anybody's guilt in these statements, before this meeting is over I hope to demonstrate very clearly exactly my meaning."

"Being once burned, like the child I kept away from that danger again. I took steps to prevent another attack and continued my plan to bring this open lawbreaker to justice. You all know what evidence was presented you know the action of the grand jury in turning this man and his gang loose but what you don't know is that this day, a plot was laid to do away with me and even dispose of my body in a peculiarly fiendish way but in such an open daring way that it does make one pause and wonder if our city of Birmingham does want citizens like we claim to be or citizens like this man. Gentlemen, it has caused me to wonder if I made a mistake, in demanding this man's expulsion. Maybe the club erred in excluding him, maybe this man is the kind of citizen we want and I am the interloper. Today this might have been answered for you but for the fact that a devoted friend, warned, reached the ambush first and on his broad shoulders took the attack meant for me. His strength, his courage and his wit enabled him to survive where I would have perished, but his action leaves this matter unsettled, who is the desirable citizen? In pondering this my mind strives for some standard of comparison. By mental, moral or ethical yardsticks, our man is wrong in theory, but in our everyday practice of living he is not condemned, so he must be the winner by these standards. Now how about the physical? Can we set up a measure by which we can judge between us here. It can be said that we have never met to be measured by this standard.

He seems to prefer to take his exercise by proxy, it can just as truthfully be said that in the past there has always been someone else to take the brunt of the blows intended for me, once a girl, then my old friend Jim Sassafrass. Would it be asking too much of this club to devote the remainder of this meeting to a settling of this point."

"What I want to do is this, to try conclusions with Buck Gray here tonight in this ring, with or without gloves, until there is no doubt of the victor. You have scales here to see that he is not at a disadvantage, a second, friendly to him will be provided him and the club can furnish the officials from the membership. The terms of the contest being that the loser leave this town within one day, forever."

Jerry stepped down but the storm of applause and approval that marked the end of his proposal was even greater than that of a month back, all the members knew Gray's athletic prowess, his proficiency in all forms of sport and his especial skill with the gloves. His superior weight and reach also gave him a decided advantage over Jerry. Jerry the jolly, rather clumsy athlete, who never reached even the second eliminations in tennis, a seldom used scrub in college football, offering to give the brilliant Gray a handicap of weight of everything in his intense desire to carry his point, and rid the town of this scum. When Jerry started to talk many heard him with impatience, if not open hostility, when he sat down not a man there but was with him, and ready to root for him in this self-imposed conflict."

Without any further announcement than for the club to select the referree and timekeeper, Jerry left the room. A hasty rearranging of chairs and a buzz of excited talk while preparations was made for the contest. A referree was chosen, and the same timekeeper that officiated in the midget bout were placed up front and then the crowd settled down for the fun.

The first ones to come in were Buck Gray and his second none other than Slope Ellison. He was taken to the the scales. His weight was noted 206 pounds and his enormous hairy chest and bulging muscles caused a sinking of the heart for the friends of Jerry. Buck appeared to have completely recovered his spirits and almost danced to his seat.

A few minutes later Jerry entered accompanied by Jim Sassafras. Jerry looked more than usually small besides the gigantic Buck but when he cast aside his robe and stepped on the scales a murmur of pleased surprise greeted him. His weight was noted as 194 and his muscles, while lacking the bulkiness of Grays looked much more efficient than any acquaintance of Jerry's would have looked for.

The few preliminaries were soon over, the referree announced the condition which were agreed to by both principles and seconds. Grays acceptance being a gloating "Sure Mike."

The gong sounded, the ring was cleared of all but the three men and the fight was on.

Gray waded into Jerry as if he intended to end the fight in short order, his crouch and tiger like rush made Jerrys friends feel that their champion would do well to last one round out. Jerrys movement seemed awkward, to begin with, he fought with his right foot forward and there seemed just a little something wrong with every movement, like a man writing with his left hand. He avoided Grays first rush, apparently by accident more than by skill.

Buck carried forward by the force of his charge plunged to the ropes, and turned and sprang again, to catch Jerry before he could recover. Jerry didn't seem to get out of the way quick enough, and Dick landed a blow that could be plainly heard to the back of the room but still Jerry did not fall back. Again they clashed, and the crowd noted with surprise that Grays nose was streaming blood. A few more passes and the gong sounded for the end of the round.

As they walked to their corners it could be plainly seen that Gray was breathing harder than Jerry, but since he had been the aggressor this was not surprising. His bleeding nose was the only sign either bore, Jerry's body not even showing a red splotch. The second and third rounds were much the same as the first.Gray continued to force the fight and Jerry just blundered out of danger everytime and some way landing a punch now and then that marked Gray without weakening him. Enough of these blows landed on Buck's rather prominent nose to keep it bleeding, and to inflame Grays anger until there was true murder in his eye.

His inability to land a telling blow on Jerry in spite of his efforts and Jerrys almost careless manner of receiving Grays rushes, held the crowd speechless for awhile. Then as in all fights advice began to be shouted to the fighters, some of the more knowing began to see why Grays loudspeaking blows were causing Jerry no distress. They landed alright, but Jerrys gloved hand was always there to catch the blow, or his elbow, or his fist against Grays biceps. Gray was putting plenty of steam behind them but Jerry was killing them before they landed.

Simpson had always been popular, without having many friends that stood very close to him. Everybody liked him without very many loving him. He asked few favors, while always ready to do favors. It is one of the strange things of life that it is our strong side that brings us friendship while it is our weak side that brings us love. It may explain why a parent loves the wayward child more intensely than the good child that never causes a pang.

A change was taking place now however, Jerrys friends and mere acquaintance were experiencin a feeling for him that was new. He was no longer the easygoing, sometimes imposed on, club member, that nobody took very seriously, but the embodiment of an idea. However they might in their minds compromise with right, and to this extent give their sympathies to the things that the other represented, for the time being, Simpson with his straight body was their David battling for a holy cause against dark Goliath of Evil. They couldn't help but feel the overwhelming odds against their champion but there was something in the very awkwardness of Jerry that appealed, as if his helplessness was guarentee of his faith in his cause. While they knew that the fight could end only one way, except for a miracle they somehow looked for that miracle.

Jerry, gasping for breath at the end of the fourth round, felt the chance and heard the word of encouagement, and it was like a tonic to him. Gray saw nothing and heard nothing but Jerry, so maddened was the man from having Jerry always stay beyond his reach that if he could at that moment have knocked Jerry down it is doubtful if he could have refrained from stamping his adversary in the face. The fast pace he had forced the fight had not made him suffer, and his second wind, made him appear more fit now than at the end of the first round.

At the gong for the fifth Gray sprang to meet Jerry and bored in with lowered head and both hanbs working like pistons for the body. Jerrys guard was lowered for an instant and like lightning an overhand from Gray caught him in the face staggering him for an instant. Knocking against the ropes Simpson fell into a clinch, fighting hard to clear his head. If Gray had sprung away Jerry would almost have fallen, and he could measure him for a knockout, but he was so intent on getting in a weakning body blow in the breakaway, that he really held Jerry up for those few precious seconds for his head to clear. And when the break finally came he faced Jerry still able to evade his sledgehammer blow.

Infuriated, Gray again charged with head lowered and hands working for the stomach, and again that terrible overhand for the face but this time instead of Jerry's guard lowering to the stomach his right hand started in a circle from the level of the shoulder and behind and after making three quarters of the circle landed full on Gray's lowered face just a split second before his overhand was due to arrive in Jerrys face.

Gray straightened up with a slap his already tortured nose flattened to his face. That the lick did not flatten him is a supreme tribute to the vitality of the man. While it did not floor him it forced his body backward with Jerry leaning toward him. Gray's right foot left the floor as though to catch his balance but instead of returning to the floor flew upward to land in a vicious kick in Jerrys stomach below the belt. Cries of "foul foul" resounded through the hall and everyone was on their feet. The referree rushed in between the two men and grabbed Jerry declaring him the winner on a foul, but Jerry drew back. His face was deathly pale but he held his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen the fight has been awarded me on a foul but we didn't start this as a fight for points, this is a fight to a decision, Mr timekeeper; how much time remains in this round?" "One minute," the timekeeper replied.

"So with your permission we will proceed". "Come on you coward and take your dose." I knew you couldn't fight clean but I wanted these men to know it." The ring was cleared and again the two men went at it with Jerry still talking. "There were some people that might think you were game, so I wanted to prove to them, that you were what I know you to be, a cowardly, treacherous dirty hunk of beef that keeps all your red blood in your nose, the rest of it is yellow. You have had four and a half rounds of this fight to show off in, now this is my half, so help yourself to these."

While this monologue was going on Jerry had changed his entire style of fighting, left foot forward, all trace of any awkwardness gone, like a sword flashing in the hands of a master his body flashed inside Grays guard, and a tattoo against Grays body that near-

(Continued to Page Four)

"Bloody Moon"

(Continued from Page Three)

ly lifted him from the floor. A jump back before he could counter and again boring in, this time wide open as if inviting a charge, Grays big fists swung in but first one and then the other were caught on Simpson's gloves and flung back with such force that for an instant Grays arms were extended on each side of him.

In that instant Jerry's right started from the hip, gathering speed and force as it went, straight for the button. Not a man in the room but knew where that blow would land. The thing that prepared the way was too muc for many to grasp; a man quick enough to throw open a man's guard twenty pounds heavier, isn't found often enough to be called a habit, but the blow that would cause a knockout was old stuff, and it seemed that Gray took an unnecessary length of time in falling down and calling it a day. He could have started falling when that awful right of Jerrys started for that matter.

Without even a glance toward the fallen man, Jerry turned toward the club members. "Gentlemen that ends that little episode, there is no doubt but that ends Buck Grays residence in Birmingham. I will see to it that he is out of town before this time tomorrow.

However this doesn't settle my side of this question, I feeel that in some measure I have imposed on the club in forcing you to a stand that you might not have taken in your sober judgment. There is another matter that I am not at liberty now to mention, that would seem a further imposition on you, but may explain to some extent my purpose in carrying this thing to a finish. Therefore I tender to you, although with regret, my resignation, and I ask its acceptance that this painful occurance may never again embarrass the club."

Jerry had to pause for breath, but so intent was the interest in what he had to say, that absolute silence prevailed throughout the clubroom. Only Jerry's efforts to control his labored breathing broke the silence within the room. Even Slope Ellison stopped his efforts to revive his fallen principle to listen.

This silence within emphasized the outside noises, the traffic of the street, the rumble and throb of the elevators and other noises within the building. And then hurried footsteps in the hall outside, sounding by contrast so distinctly that it was hard to believe that a wall intervened.

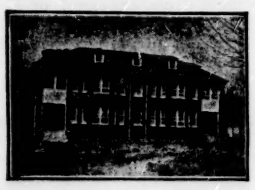
There was something urgent in the sound, as though the people hurrying to the door of the clubroom were being impelled by a life and death motive.

Without a knock the door was swung open, and two people sprang into the room. One of the newcomers was a woman, the other—well you will have to guess like the rest of the club members for a while.

(To be concluded in next issue of the Messenger.)

———P. O. H.———

Baby Cottage



Well! here we are again, only there are fewer of us. Three of our larger girls are gone, and two of the babies. More are expecting to go this week. Several of the babies have gone to Synods and Annie Louise; we surely do miss them, but we are sure we will find some more just as good some where else.

We have another little Mable coming to us, and then our two smallest children's names will be Mable. We may not get mixed up, because Mable Billings is called "Half-size". We can hardly realize that school will soon open.

All of us are getting so fat, we have such good things to eat. We have ice cream real often; we also enjoy the good vegetables. We are the happiest things in the world!!! We have such good times, and good everything.

We had a lovely visit from Mrs Stewart last week, and we think she is the sweetest lady in the world! Before she left, she gave each of us a nice picture book. Wasn't that nice? We have looked at them so much and still we are not tired of them. All were so sorry to have her leave, but we hope she will come again real soon.

Miss Helen Herman took us all to see the big black bear, the rabbits, deer, and alligator not long ago, and the man gave us an all-day sucker apiece.

We are so glad that little Jacqueline Edwards is nearly well with the whooping cough, and can come to see us again soon.

We will have to stop now and give somebody else room to write some news.

Support

Beulah Aux.	6.00
Cameronian Church	20.00
Central Steele Creek Church	25.00
Hopewell Aux.	10.00
Monroe Church	135.00
McGee Church	4.75
Myers Park Church	155.00
Newells Church	7.50
Norwood Church	3.00
Paw Creek Church	20.00
Pee Dee Church	4.00
Philadelphia Church	4.00
Philadelphia Aux.	6.50
Pineville Church	17.45
Ramah Church	13.00
Rourke Chapel	2.15
Seversville Church	53.00
Sugar Creek Church	11.25
Rocky Point S. S.	1.21
Lenoir Church(A Friend)	20.00
Cramerton S. S.	3.46
Elise S. S.	1.76
Salisbury 2nd Aux.	5.00
Rocky Mount 1st By Jennie K. Hill's B. C.	5.00
Red Springs Church	38.50
Red Springs Aux.	28.65
Thyatira Aux.	1.01
Mocksville S. S.	7.51
Westminster Aux. (O)	12.00
Hopewell S. S.	4.00
Raleigh, 1st Vanguard by Four Square Class	6.00
Goldsboro S. S.	15.25
Charlotte 2nd Aux. by Mrs. Cameron Morrison	1,000.00
Rocky Mount 1st Church	10.00
Fuller Memorial Church	3.00
Eureka S. S.	6.54
Pinehurst S. S.	6.89
Rocky Mount 1st Church	6.40
Concord, Iredell Church	9.00
Alamance Church	29.49
Bethany Church	1.64
Buffalo (L)	6.09
Church By Side Road Aux.	7.50
Greensboro First Aux.	26.25
Griers Church	1.54
Jonesboro Church	10.22
Mebane Church	5.62
Mebane Aux.	1.62
Mebane Church	9.00
Piedmont Church	.49
Pittsboro S. S.	4.00
Pittsboro S. S.	4.00
Sanford Church	12.75
Westminster Church (C)	25.88
Westminster Church (C)	20.40
Yanceyville Church	.45
Wilmington 1st Church	85.00
Wilmington 1st Aux.	80.00
Maxton Church	38.67
Spies S. S.	1.40
Morven S. S.	6.22
Mocksville Church	8.52
Mt. Airy Aux.	2.82
N. Wilkesboro S. S.	33.19
N. Wilkesboro Aux.	4.55
Winston-Salem Aux.	45.00
Reynolda Aux.	7.00
Lansing Church	.30
Little Joe's S. S.	1.52
Greensboro 1st Aux.	29.00
Steele Creek Church	80.00
Back Creek S. S.	6.00
Concord 1st Aux.	20.00
Delgado S. S.	5.15
Dunn S. S., L. Bible Class	4.18
Jackson Springs S. S.	20.11
Westminster Church Charlotte	82.50
Newell C. E.	15.00
Caldwell Memorial Church	95.82
Alamance Aux., Greensboro	10.00
Statesville 1st Church	61.39
Lexington S. S.	17.30
Plaza S. S.	10.00
Mt. Zion Church	7.00
Raleigh 1st Aux.	74.00
Lumber Bridge S. S.	2.41
Pittsboro Aux.	1.00
Gastonia 1st D. V. B. S.	31.63
Wilmington, St. Andrews	41.00
Ramah S. S.	10.23
Shiloh S. S.	6.20
Greensboro 1st	50.00
Charlotte 2nd Aux.	75.00
Caldwell Memorial Aux.	3.75
Raeford Church	39.02
Westminster Aux. (M)	25.00
Clarkton S. S.	10.72
Sanford S. S.	12.00
Winston-Salem 1st Church	150.00
Southport S. S.	4.00
Lumberton Church	15.00
Olney Church	30.00
Bayless Mem. (C)	5.00
Hope Mills S. S.	27.72
Smyrna S. S.	2.10
Smyrna Aux.	15.57
Shelby Church	43.69
Back Creek Church	5.90
Bayless Mem. Church	1.80
Bethpage Church	4.96
Concord 1st Aux.	37.50
Concord 2nd	5.70
Davidson Church	45.00
Elmwood Church	.45
Franklin Church	2.72
Gilwood Church	3.76
Harrisburg Church	5.54
Hickory Church	22.62
Kannapolis Church	5.81
Unity S. S.	5.00
Mooresville 1st Church	63.27
Mooresville 1st Church	96.35
Mooresville 2nd Church	14.73
Mooresville 2nd Church	17.79
Poplar Tent Church	4.50
Prospect Church	4.15
Salisbury 1st Church	46.40
Salisbury 1st Church	12.70
Shearer Church	.33
Third Creek Church	3.59
Third Creek Church	2.10
Unity Church	4.12
Poplar Tent Aux.	1.65
Prospect Aux.	.34
Kannapolis Aux.	1.87
Durham S. S.	15.00
Rutherfordton S. S.	6.74
Spencer S. S.	23.00
Thyatira S. S.	5.70
Lumberton S. S.	26.65
Marion S. S.	7.25
Bethel Church	3.00
McPherson S. S.	4.67
Vass S. S.	7.87
Ashpole S. S.	6.35
Warrenton S. S.	2.20
Raeford Aux.	8.23
Washington S. S.	25.00
Union Mills S. S.	2.00
Kings Mt. S. S.	17.72
Wilmington, Church of Covenant	134.97
Fayetteville First Church	$135.00
Alamance Aux, Greensboro Ch.	6.00
Bethesda S. S. Bible Class	5.00
Ephesus Church	1.50
Statesville First S. S. Young Men's Bible Class	13.33
Eureka S. S.	6.00
Culdee S. S.	5.00
Belmont Aux.	12.00
Long Creek S. S.	2.18
Charlotte First Aux.	11.25
Tenth Ave. Aux.	106.37
Concord Iredell Church	10.20
Rockingham S. S.	11.01
East Burlington Church	6.00
High Land Church	39.01
Groves Aux	3.00
Henderson S. S.	7.20
Smithfield Aux	8.00
Tarboro Church	8.64
Tarboro Aux.	4.50
Newell S. S.	11.37
Concord S. S.	113.73
Ashboro Aux.	1.38
Ashboro S. S.	17.11
Bethel Church	4.73
Bethesda Church	1.50
Bethesda Aux.	.53
BuffaSlo (L) CVhurch	1.50
Cross Roads Church	5.20
Bessemer Church	3.75
Hillsboro Church	6.00
Mebane Church	30.00
Melton Church	5.00
Piedmont Church	.60
Sanford Church	14.43
Westminster Church	22.64
Rogers Mem. Aux.	3.00
Immanuel S. S. Beginners Class	5.00
Mt. Olive Aux.	23.00
Bessemer City Church	2.03
Covenant Church	5.10
Cramerton Church	15.00
Dallas Church	1.10
Duncan Creek Church	.68
Lincolnton First Church	25.33
Rutherfordton Church	4.54
Union Mills Church	25.33
Wilmington First Church	90.00
Statesville 1st S. S.	1.25
Rock Branch S. S.	56.10
West Ave. Church	11.14
Rocky Mount 1st S. S. Bible Class	4.18
Cann Mem. S. S.	6.33
Glenwood Aux.	4.00
Mocksville S. S.	10.01
Little Joe's S. S.	1.71
Blacknall Mem. Church	5.63
Henderson Aux.	7.50
Kenly Church	6.23
Kenly S. S.	6.00
Oxford Church	14.03
Littleton Aux.	.38
Raleigh 1st Church	67.42
Selma Aux.	.38
Smithfield Church	6.66
Trinity Ave. Church	3.22
First Vanguard Church	9.60
Varina Aux.	.75
Varina S. S.	2.35
Front Street S. S.	7.78
New Hope S. S.	11.13
Charlotte 2nd Church	300.00
Tenth Ave. S. S. Charlotte	25.00
Calypso S. S.	10.00
	$5,425.57

———P. O. H. ———

Miscel. Support

F. P. Tate, Morganton	6.00
A Fayetteville Friend	6.00
Dr. Wilbert Jackson, Clinton	8.33
Clan Evans, Jr., Charlotte	5.00
A Friend	35.00
A Winston-Salem Friend	1,000.00
Lewis Collins, Henderson	5.00
J. H. Wissler, Moncure	10.00
Angelina and Hilda Bernardo, Charlotte	10.00
Miss C. C. Sterling, Maryville, Tennesee	1.00
Manda McPherson, Sanford	10.00
Mrs. J. H. White, Graham	5.00
Jas. Sloan, Redlands, Calif.	200.00
J. M. Davis	3.00
J. W. Taylor, Harrisburg	5.00
Clan Evans, Jr., Charlotte	10.00
A Friend, Barium Springs	2.50
Mrs. Jessie Kenan Wise, Blowing Rock	1,000.00
"A" Salisbury Friend	250.00
	$2,571.83

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Never mind where your work is. Never mind whether it be visible or not. Never mind if your name is associated with it. You may never see the issues of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you cannot see results here in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near when you may rest from your labors, and then they may follow you. So do your duty and trust God to give the seed you sow "a body as it hath pleased Him."

—Alexander Maclaren.

———P. O. H. ———

It's discouraging to do your best and then find out it isn't enough.

Rumple Hall

Most of our girls have had their vacations and the ones that were left are glad they are back to help do the work.

We thank Mr. Cavin and Mr. M. R. Brown for running us out of our rooms so the ceilings could be fixed. The cracked plastering might soon have fallen on some one and hurt them. We have to double up at night to have places for the girls whose rooms are being fixed.

Two of our girls stayed at home this summer and six of them went to the Womans Building. We miss them all.

We thank Mr. Lowrance and Frank Purdy for a trip to Davidson about one week ago. We all had a good time. We bought some candy and ice cream and on the way home ate two buckets of peaches.

All of us are thrilled at the thought of going to Montreat the 15th of August. That is the day everybody has a real good time.

Just twenty-eight days before school starts and we want to hurry and get a chance to conquer our "enemies," Arithmetic and English.

It has been pretty cool lately and we haven't been in swimming for two days.

Three or four of our girls have had their eyes examined this week and Leone East was so blind from the drops of medicine that were put in her eyes that she hit a hole in the table cloth three or four times thinking it was a fly.

Our dining room floor is looking fine just now. Thanks to Mr. Grier and his boys for repainting it.

We must close now for our pencil point has broken and the sharpener has been stored away for use during school.—"MAG" and "MAE"

———P. O. H.———

Infirmary

Just one more month of idleness and then we get to go to school again. O boy!

We know everybody who have had their vacation enjoyed it. We will miss the ones who have gone to stay.

We had a performance from a magician of Durham, N. C. Everybody enjoyed it very much.

Miss Woods and Miss Buck invited us to go to ride with their girls and we thank them very much.

Every body is looking forward to the trip to Montreat on August 15.

We certainly are having lots of fruits and vegetables this year and they sho' are good.

We have three new childern, Smiths from Clinton, N. C. They certainly are nice and we know we will miss them when they go to another cottage.

One of our teachers, Mrs Pennel, has been staying here with us since she returned from the hospital and we have some time 'cause she has a little victrola we can play.

———P. O. H. ———

Clothing Money

Leaksville Aux.	18.00
Mrs. W. A. Sharpe, Greensboro	5.00
Washington First S. S. by Beginners and Primary Dept.	2.40
Boys Bible Class, Little Joe's	25.00
Little Sisters	10.00
Mt. Airy First Aux.	22.50
	$82.90

Clothing Boxes

Gulf, Aux., one box.

Alexander - Dairy

Here we are in the hot sun sprouting and cutting weeds, and whats more we have got some new tools to work all the harder with.

The swimming pool is very tempting these hot days and the water is cold, but we have to wait too long for the girls to get out.

It won't be long until we go to Montreat, and we are expecting to have a good time up there.

We are getting lots of fruit this year and we get a couple bucketfuls every day.

The other night we spent the night sleeping on Mr. Privett's lawn under a tent, and before we went to bed we played games and told jokes. We hope Mr. Privett will let us come back some time.

We went to the State Farm Picnic July 18th and saw the things on demonstration, but there was not as many people in attendance as usual. We had a good dinner there.

Most of the boys have already been on their vacations and some of them are still gone. One of our boys is going tomorrow, and one the day following. We will be glad when they are all back. The boys who are going on the camping trip haven't got long to wait for they are going to the river soon.

We are having a new barn built and the two Nesbit brothers, the best carpenters in the State, are building it. They are our carpenters.

We have plenty of work to keep us busy these days. We just finished whitewashing the part of the barn we milk in and are soon going to start on the rest of the barn. Whitewash gets all over you and white spiders are running all around. Now that the barn is good and white it looks almost new where we have whitewashed.

Some of the boys have got some pigeons in the pigeon house behind our cottage. A cat killed some of them the other night.

We have ice cream every Wednesday. Mr Privette, our dairy boss, makes it for us.

The dairy has a new milk wagon and a new army cart to take the place of the old wagon we used to have.

Yours till the whitewash gets out of my eyes and I get some sleep on these hot nights.

Marvin Stone

———P. O. H.———

NEWS FROM TRUCK FARM

Our friends visiting here, as a rule, ask what we raise in our gardens. We thought the readers of the Messenger would be interested to know just what we are producing.

We raise lettuce, onions, radishes, beets, squash, cabbage, snap beans (about every day from June 1st until frost), kohl rabi, tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, carrots, parsnips, okra, turnips, and last but not least, collards.

Fruits

Apples, peaches, pears, pecans and strawberries. (Our berrie crop was rather short this year as we only picked 850 gallons.)

We gather up our vegetables for dinner and fruits in the forenoon and have our hoe drill in the afternoon.

Our play hours begin at 7:30 A. M. and last until 5:00 P. M.

We are planning on canning about 1000 gal. cans of Alberta peaches this week. Now you people who send us canned fruit, don't think this will be enough to run us through the winter for it takes a lot of food to fill 360 hungry boys and girls, not including teachers and matrons.

Yours until next time.

The Bean Pickers and Tater Grubbers.

———P. O. H.———

That they may have a little peace, even the best dogs are compelled to snarl occasionally.

DIARY OF PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME

July 1—Rain stopped wheat thrashing. Two left on vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Brown to All Healing Springs for a rest.

July 2—Honey for breakfast. Mr. J. B. and his four sons leave for Montreat, where Mr. Johnston is to attend Educational Conference.

July 3—A thousand dollar check from Mrs. Cameron Morrison. Mr. J. B. has a good night's sleep. More go on vacation. Sun shining, wheat thrashers resume work.

July 4—Very quiet 4th. Regular work not interrupted. Patriotic Parade by Synods boys at seven o'clock P. M.—bugles, irons, tin pans, and flags. Visit from Mrs. Williams, former matron.

July 5—Good picture show—"Valley of the Giants."

July 6—Buck Jackins leaves for Shreveport, La., to spend his vacation with his brother, Sam Jackins.

July 7—Usual Sunday service with the observance of the Lord's Supper. Seven of our boys and girls received into the Church.

July 8—Mr. Brown goes back to All Healing Springs for another week. Hottest day so far at Barium.

July 9—Mr. J. B. Johnston and family leave for McDonald Farm and Wrmington. They plan to be away several days.

July 10—Miss Andrews and Julian West leave for summer vacation.

July 11—Several visitors. Big rain between 5 and 6 P. M.

July 12—More visitors and big rain in afternoon. Many bill collectors. Good picture show: "Win That Girl."

July 13—The usual Saturday.

July 14—Sunday School and Church as usual. Mr. Brown looked more like himself than any time since his illness.

July 15—Blue Monday. Everybody got out their winter coats

July 13 Somewhat warmer. More like summer.

July 17—Many leave for vacation.

July 18—Holiday. Farm boys attend State Farm Picnic.

July 19—Good picture show at night "The Last Waltz."

July 20—Bunch of picnickers from Denver pay us a visit.

July 21—Usual services at Little Joe's Church. Sermon preached by Mr. Robert Turner, ministerial student at Davidson.

July 22—Another cold, rainy Monday, but Mr. J. B. smiles. Another check for $1,000. Buck Jackins returns from vacation.

July 23—Many bill collectors make us calls.

July 24—The day's mails brought us contributions amounting to $2.50. Mr. J. B. Roach, mayor of Statesville, conducted prayer meeting at 8:00 P. M.

July 25—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lowrance and Mrs. W. C. Brown spend the day at All Healing Springs with Rev. W. C. Brown. Many workers comment on the good dinner of stewed corn and other things.

July 26—Many leave on vacation. Big rain between 5 and 6 P. M.

July 27—Rain, Rain.

July 28—Church and Sunday School as usual. Bob Kell preached.

July 29—No rain, beautiful day. Diary closed on account of lack of space.